

# GIRL'S STORY BEING CHECKED BY OFFICERS

Man Accused Locked Up Pending Investigation of Charges Against Him.

City and federal officers were checking up the story this morning that Olivia Reed, young Kansas City girl, told them yesterday of her coming to Oklahoma City. Gene Geno, the man she alleges brought her here for immoral purposes, is being held in the city jail. The girl declared she is 16 years old and that Geno persuaded her to leave home and come with him. He says he is married and that he carries a picture purporting to be that of his wife and child living in New Orleans. On arrival in Oklahoma City, Geno and the girl got a room as man and wife on West Washington avenue. The girl declares that Geno put her on the street to earn a living by immoral means and that she gave him the money she obtained.

# Committee to Aid British Censorship

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—Agents of American banks in London will be appointed members of a committee with headquarters in that city to co-operate with a committee of American bankers in an attempt to alleviate the British censorship of American mail and the British blacklist, says Barton Hepburn, who acted as host at the luncheon and conference here of New York bankers with Sir Richard Crawford, trade representative of the embassy at Washington.

# ARKANSAS SLAYER OF WOMAN IS CONVICTED

RENTONVILLE, Ark., Sept. 27.—Conner Sitton, a farmer 25 years old, was convicted of second degree murder in circuit court here today for the killing of Mrs. May Arnold, 24 years old. He was sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary. According to the testimony, Mrs. Arnold went to Sitton's home near Springtown last May armed with a revolver and in the presence of several witnesses forced Sitton to retract alleged slanderous statements she said he had made about her. It was testified that as soon as she left, Sitton took a shotgun and went to Mrs. Arnold's home and demanded that she retract statements he said she had made about him. Mrs. Arnold ran and Sitton shot her in the leg. She died from the wound several days later.

# FLOUR AT HIGHEST MARK SINCE WAR

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—Increases in the price of flour today to the highest point since the civil war were followed tonight by an advertisement of one of the largest bread-making concerns in the city that on Thursday it would increase the price of bread from five to six cents a loaf with a corresponding increase in the price of biscuits and rolls. Other bakers are expected to make similar increases. Standard Minnesota patents used chiefly in private consumption was increased twenty cents to \$9.10.

# HEARD AT THE CRIME CLUB

BY FRANK FROEST

This Week's Story:

# "The Con Man"

Next Week—"CREEPING JIMMIE."

IN the cellar-like saloon of a nearby public house, Freddie found himself seated on a high stool with a detective on each side. Ansell paid for drinks and his unwilling guest found the taste of a liquor brandy grateful and comforting. Ansell talked idly in general. When Cotterill insisted on a second round, Freddie was a little less suspicious of his motives.

With a brand new five-pound note burning in his hip pocket, he was not to be outdone in hospitality, and again the bar man replenished the glasses. Freddie began to see how he had misjudged his hospitable companions. By the fifth round, he was calling Cotterill "Jimmie" and had dropped the "Mr." which he addressed Ansell. It escaped his notice that since the second round they had confined themselves to temperance beverages.

"You're a good sort, Ansell. I sort of like—thought you had it in for me. My mistake. You heard of the sweat box, eh? No sense. Same again?" he put down his empty glass.

"Same again?" said Ansell. "No, Freddie, the third degree don't go in London. We're all for pleasant methods. Own up, now. We've never put a crooked deal upon you, have we?"

Freddie gravely shook his head. "No, I don't owe you no grudge. When you've been after me you've always played the straight game. But—hic—sa, Ansell!"

Freddie hooked a couple of thin fingers onto the inspector's middle waistcoat button—"you folks want something outa me now?" He leered cunningly sideways.

"That's so. I see to meself—hic—when I landed y' first, Ansell, got something on—something doing, eh? I was a bit peeved 'cos I'd got a pointment—matter of 500 jimmies t'me, boy. But I'm glad I missed it now because—hic—because you're a good fella. Have another?"

"Sure. That appointment—now—something to do with me, was it?" Freddie grinned confidently.

"Betty's short it was. Say, Ansell, some of the boys are savin' up for you. But I'm not in it now. I'm going back to Wolf Coyne and tell him to count me out. You're a good fella—better fella than Wolf, anyway. Let him keep his five hundred."

Ansell raised a feminine and anguished face to his lips and took a slow drink. Over Freddie's head he saw Cotterill deliberately close an eye. That was all the sign that passed that either was vitally interested in Freddie's babble.

"Hm," commented the inspector. "Wolf's gunning for me, is he. Well, I wish him luck."

"He's a mean man. He thinks he's got it all under his own thatch 'stead of calling in those that's forgotten more of the game than he ever knew. Told me I was yellow, he did—me yellow."

His half-fuddled wits were working a grievance against the "con" man. "But you're a good fella. I'll show him whether I'm yellow—him and his swell suckers." He scowled at the fresh drink which had been placed in front of him.

Ansell pulled at his reddish mustache. "Called you yellow, eh? I suppose that 500 was so you might try and croak me. Why on earth Wolf Coyne should be putting it across me I don't know."

"Croak y'?" Freddie laughed scornfully. "No, I don't fall for that sort of business. I'm nobody's fool to run my head into a rope. No, it's like this, Ansell. You're croaking Wolf, and he's a man that don't like to be croaked. So he fixed it with me to play a little game on you—something that'll keep you too busy thinking about yourself to interfere with him till he has made a getaway with the goods. Now, Ansell, you're a good fella. Wolf was going to give me 500 of the best—what's it worth to you if I put you wise?"

Ansell stiffened. He stood up and his smiling familiarity vanished. "You're talking through the back of your head, Freddie," he snarled. "I thought you had more sense than to pitch me a croak and bull story like that. Say, honest now, have you ever met Wolf Coyne in your life? What do you think of him, Juppore?"

Cotterill humped his shoulders scornfully. "What do you take us for, Freddie—two simple of me, come? Want to make a fool of me, my lad?"

Freddie gazed angrily. This change from good fellowship to rank incredulity had been well timed.

"Telling a tale, an I? Don't know Wolf Coyne, don't I? You bulls think you're mighty smart—I don't think! Would you believe it if I was to tell you?"

Twenty minutes later he was being whirled in a taxicab toward King street. To his protest both detectives listened with no trace of emotion.

"It's all right, old son," said Jimmie Cotterill, soothingly. "We're not going to hurt you. We're just going to hold you safe till you're feeling better. A nice, strong hot cup of coffee is all you want, then a stiff soda water. Now you cheer up, and you'll be as right as rain."

They put him in the detention room at King street, "detained for inquiries," was the official explanation—and adjourned to the dingy little criminal intelligence department office on the second floor. There they sank into chairs facing each other, and the little wrinkles round the corner of Ansell's eyes grew more intense. He gave a short, cackling laugh.

"Wolf Coyne is it," he chuckled. "The age and only it. Now, Jimmie, we've got to get busy." He reached for the desk telephone. "Give me C-1—Ansell speaking."

(To be continued.)

# PANHANDLE IN SPLENDID SHAPE, INSPECTOR SAYS

J. H. Hightower, state livestock inspector for northwest Oklahoma, reported to the state board of agriculture today that the Panhandle—Cimarron, Beaver, Texas and other counties—was veritably a land of milk and honey, that the country had plenty of rain and was blossoming like a rose, and the farmers would harvest handsome returns this year. Mr. Hightower is attending the State Fair.

# Jap Actor Coming



Sessue Hayakawa.

Famous Japanese screen star who comes to the Empress theater Friday and Saturday in a Lasky feature, "The Honorable Friend."

# The THEATRES

Empress

A girl will always find that the price of wrongdoing in the end will prove greater than appears in the bargain. This is demonstrated in "The Payment," a Triangle photoplay which will be offered at the Empress theater Thursday only, with Bonnie Barriscale, popular emotional actress, in the leading role. Miss Barriscale as a poor, yet student, has the price to have a wealthy man, already married, and her to Europe to complete her education. A thrilling climax is provided. Tonight, Douglas Fairbanks in "Half Breed."

Liberty

"All For a Girl," has proved so popular with Oklahoma City audiences that it will continue to be the offering of Jimmie Hodges and his splendid company of thirty, which has appeared in two bills at the Liberty since last Thursday. Jean Payne, beautiful and graceful, displays some rather gorgeous gowns and sings and dances to the delight of every audience. A showing of twenty girls operates throughout the three acts and five scenes. One matinee today—1 o'clock.

Folly

The Favorite Sextet, one of the city's most capable musical organizations from a standpoint of popular entertainment, will be engaged to appear momentarily at the Folly theater as an established feature. With the sextet are eight reels of first-class feature and comedy photoplays. Today Helen Rossom is featured in a magnificent detective drama of thrills, "The Sign of the Spider," staged under direction of Muplock McQuarrie, whose name stands for much in the photoplay profession.

Lyric

Rud and Nellie Heine are introduced to local theater-goers as America's foremost juvenile stars, in fun, fast and farious, in their appearance at the Lyric. They will be assisted by Sig. Kretow. They will make their initial appearance at the 1 o'clock matinee Thursday. The feature act on the new bill will be the American Musical Maids, "An Impromptu Dance" will be the offering of Albert and Irving, whose versatile program enlists several styles of dancing. The other acts on the bill will be up to the Lyric's standard.

Majestic

With an excellent varied program today, this theater announces the premier State Fair offering as Charlie Chaplin's "Police" tomorrow and Friday.

# What a Blind Man Would Hear If He Sat Awhile in the Fair Grandstand During Exhibition

What a blind man might "see" any afternoon in the State Fair grandstand, double-jointed peanuts, five cents.

"I don't see why they want to run those horses all around the track and make them tired before the race."

"Here's a nice, evening popper, sixty killed, one cent."

Criticism of Saddles. "Jack, why don't they have saddles bigger than postage stamps on the running horses? I don't see how the jockeys can stay on."

"Make that baby shut up. All I've heard is that kid's loud mouth ever since I left home."

"No, Johnny, you can't have any ice cream cones, or pop corn, or peanuts. They're not good for your stomach."

"Wah-h-h-h! I want some peanuts, now."

Refreshments Tendered. "Ice cold, cold pop, just off the ice. So cold it makes your teeth freeze. Who'll be the next to buy a bottle of pop as cold as ice can make it?"

"Goodness, isn't this wind awful? My eyes are full of dust now. I bet I look a fright."

"I wish that hook up there would quit throwing his peanut shells onto my new hat." (Business of turning around and glaring at the hook.)

Curiosity of Youth. "Papa, what does that man ring the bell for when the horses are trying to run?"

"That's my good ole horse there! Number three. Watch him prance. Bet you a nickel he wins the next race."

"He who hesitates is lost! Your last chance to get that famous hot buttered pop corn."

"Sixty killed in Mexican battle. Only one cent."

The Want Ads will sell real estate to good advantage during the coming month.

# Special September Comfort Sale at

221 and 223 W. Grand **Plater's** 221 and 223 W. Grand

\$4.00 Comforts, extra large size, floral designs, best quality material **\$2.98**

\$3.50 Comforts, extra large size, well padded and good value. **\$2.75**

\$3.00 Comforts **\$2.25**

\$2.50 Comforts **\$1.75**

\$2.00 Comforts **\$1.50**

\$1.50 Comforts **98c**

# THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS



Our store open Wednesday as usual; closed Thursday, account holiday



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It's all wrong to select a plumber by haphazard methods. The safest way is to choose the best in the business. For the best look for the Big Faucet.

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To every person joining the "RESERVE SAVINGS CLUB" within the next 60 days we will give one dollar with which to open an account. To this First Dollar the member is to add not less than one dollar per week or four dollars per month for a period of twelve months. We pay four percent interest on all deposits in this Fund.

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A Strong Institution Worthy of the Confidence of All of the People.

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